

Lawrence High-Lites

VOL. II No. 4

MONDAY JUNE 7, 1943

TEN CENTS

STRAWBERRY PICKERS NEEDED!

IMPORTANT CROP MUST BE HARVESTED

SENIORS GRADUATE MAY 18

This may not seem a very important article. Actually if it can impress upon anyone who reads the High-Lites the importance of berry picking, it's a very important and worth-while article.

Berry picking is one of the most direct ways of aiding the war effort yet offered to high school boys and girls. It is so important that certain exclusive women's organizations have offered their services. These clubs consist of older women, but they realize the vital importance of this crop and are willing to do all they can.

Literature has been passed out through the mail giving the essential facts. The Cape ranks high among the berry-producing sections of the country. With the amount of goods now rationed it would be well nigh a crime to let a valuable, nutritious, plentiful, and as yet unrationed crop rot in the fields. Yet this is what will happen unless the school children of this town volunteer en masse to pick berries.

Professional pickers can pick two or three hundred baskets a day. You could not be expected to do that much; but if each of a thousand school children should pick only an average of 50 baskets a day, that would mean 50,000 baskets of berries pouring forth from Falmouth.

Transportation is to be provided by school busses.

Do your bit. Sign up today.

The class of 1943 held its graduation exercises May 18 in the Hall School auditorium.

"Festival March" by Mendelssohn was played by the school orchestra under the direction of William Taylor, '44. Lieutenant-Colonel Abbott Peterson gave the invocation and Patricia Holden, acting class president, welcomed the guests. The "Hymn of Loyalty" by Davis and Walch was sung by the class.

Mr. Nathan Howard Gist delivered the commencement address, "The Call of Youth," driving his points home with many amusing (Continued on page 12)

SENIORS PRESENT GALA CLASS DAY PROGRAM

The graduating class of 1943 held class day exercises May 17 before a large audience of schoolmates, parents and friends. After marching onto the platform to Mendelssohn's "Festival March" played by the school orchestra conducted by William Taylor, the class was seated by Vincent Duf-fany, class marshal.

The welcome was given by mistress-of-ceremonies Patricia Holden, acting president of the class, after which Margaret Cassidy sang the lovely "Rose of the World." Durham Caldwell, LeRoy Davis, and Lester Henry then regaled the audience with the class prophecy, presented in the form of a radio broadcast sponsored by "Weasel Cigarettes." This was (Continued on page 12)

L. H. S. ROLL OF HONOR

Seniors

NAVY

Raymon Paltz (Class President)
Richard Sample (Class Treasurer)
Eugene Higgins
Dale Holmes
Robert Moriarty
Alvan Nickerson
Ellsworth Nightingale
Lawrence Palmer
Lawrence Rowe
William Thayer
Carleton Wing
Edward Wixon

ARMY

Jack Tavares

ARMY AIR CORPS

James Antonellis
Edward Dahlborg
Raymond DePonte
Steven Peters

COAST GUARD

John Ballard

MARITIME SERVICE

Samuel Cahoon (Class Vice-President)
Peter Peterson

Juniors

NAVY

Harry Pierce (Class President)
Charles Borden
Hollis Bragdon
William Cantwell
Lawrence Harlow
Henry Meyer

MARITIME SERVICE

Anthony Ferreira
Russell Hall

Sophomores

NAVY

Alden Stewart

10

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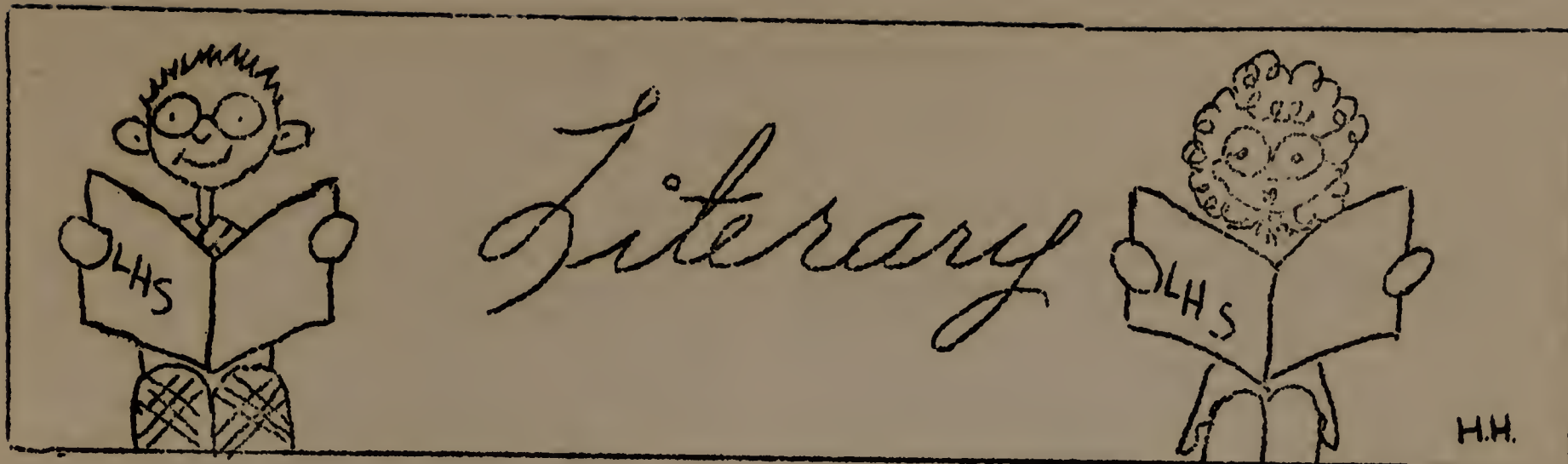
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ON GARDENING

Joanne Baker, '44

Gardening, like almost everything else, has two sides to it. You are on one side while on the other are the bugs, weeds, weather, and next-door neighbor's chickens.

The first step, planting the seeds, is very simple. Of course, if you forget to put some sort of mark at the end of each row, you can have great fun guessing where one row stops and the other begins.

After planting the seeds, you just let them grow (both the seeds and the weeds). Don't pull up those first little sprouts, thinking they're weeds. Fish out your gardening book and see if they're your carrots or beets, or maybe petunias.

After your plants are recognizable, all you have to do is keep the weeds out, spray the plants with anti-bug juice, build a fence around anything that could be harmed by woodchucks or dogs, and rub pink lotion on your aching muscles.

It helps a great deal if your squash vines are not planted so near the spinach that they grow all over it and if you tie up your tomato stalks so that you don't get a ripe tomato in your shoe some day.

It also helps if you receive more information from a more reliable source--Happy Gardening!

SANDWICHES

Bruce Carswell, '44

Have you ever entered the kitchen with all the good intentions of rustling up a bunch of sandwiches? Well, you probably have. Also you probably have tried it at a time when the ice box had not yet recovered from last night's raid. Here's the story:

All goes well at first; but once all the materials are out, you still have to make the sandwiches.

You open the bread and take out four slices. Then you take a spread knife and mayonnaise jar. Opening the mayonnaise, you thrust the knife deep into the jar, twist and turn it, and pull it out. Then you find that the mayonnaise jar is almost empty. Once again you thrust the knife deep, and by scraping and scratching, you get enough for half a slice of bread. Again you dip, and the results are the same. Now, by squeezing the jar, you get enough, almost, for another slice. Clapping some tomatoes, lettuce, and bacon on one slice, you slap on the other slice. After putting the sandwich on a plate and slicing it, you turn to the other bread.

After deep meditation, you decide that peanut-butter is the only thing that goes well with-
out much butter. Spreading a little hunk of butter over two
(continued on page 13)

A SHORT TREATISE ON SOUND

Durham Caldwell, '43.

A world-famed professor once asked a group of distinguished colleagues a very perplexing question: "If, in the middle of a desert (one s) with no one for hundreds of miles around to hear it, a cannon were fired (who would shoot off the cannon le professeur didn't say), would there be any sound?" Some said no, contending that sound was the effect produced upon the auditory organ (ear); others said yes, contending that sound was the cause of the effect produced; and they debated calmly and sensibly till early morning when the graveyard shift of the local homicide squad arrived to quell the uprising.

Now while these educated men of science had resorted to mayhem in a fruitless effort to prove their respective points, I believe we can solve the problem with just a few minutes of patient explanation.

To begin with, sound travels in waves. (No, Junior, whether 'tis short Wave or a tall one makes no difference, i.e., as long as you can get Adler Elevator Shoes.) By lightly tapping a coiled spring, I could give you an excellent illustration of how sound travels; but since a coiled spring transmits only longitudinal waves whereas the transmission of sound entails condensations and rarefactions in all directions, I will of necessity skip the matter and put the spring back on the

screen door in order to keep the flies out. (Please pardon the digression; flies are discussed in detail in the chapter on biology, page ninety-three.)

Now back to sound waves. (No Waves are Waacs.)* Next we will take up the reflection of sound. When a sound wave (small w) strikes a plane surface, it is reflected outward in curved form. When, however, a sound wave strikes a concave surface, the reflected wave is flat. (This explains the singing-in-the-bath-tub phenomenon.)

Now back to our original problem, toward which we have so far accomplished nothing: when a cannon is fired in the desert, etc. ... First, however, we must find a stone-deaf person to operate the darned thing. But, if the operator is stone-deaf, how are we going to find out if any noise is made? If the operator is stone-deaf--say, maybe that's why we always get the wrong number.

P.S. Yours truly now running with the speed of light. (Excuse the digression, the speed of light is discussed in detail in the chapter on the speed of light, page hundred fifty-two.)

* A special explanation of this st--king pun may be had by sending five dollars (no stamps, please) to Ye Author, 13 Cemetery Street, Village.

GIVE THE AXIS THE AXE--BUY WAR BONDS REGULARLY!

A DAY ON NAUSHON ISLAND
Grace Hammond, '44

This is a land where the great gnarled oak
A thousand winter's winds have broke,
Whose wrinkled pillars weathered stand--
Stark bare against this rocky strand.

Her pines, silhouetted 'gainst the blue,
Be-diamonded by frosty morning's dew,
Placed there by some exalted God of yore,
Sentinels on a barren shore.

By a beach a silver-ribboned path,
O'er-strewn by some storm's aftermath,
Begged me be friendly and progress
To a brooding hill's majestic crest.

The view thus now confronting me
Revealed a marshland by the sea;
Crossed by a ribbon of azure blue,
Reflected all of heaven's hue.

A sea-gull dipping low
Startled an ever-watching doe,
Which turning vanished into the wood
To where her troubled kindred stood.

Their wild hearts thus disturbed
Were quieted by a warbling bird,
Which overhead had soared so high
To serenade the sapphire sky.

Broad emerald meadows lay
Close-etched beside a hidden bay,
Where water-fowl contented drowsed;
At last by some small beast aroused--

They rose close--set to flight,
Imagining omen of terrible plight,
And rapidly winged their noisy way
To another more secluded bay.

From white to black against the sky
Eventually fading to my eye,
They turned, saluted, then vanished away
For now new magic held its sway.

As there a sunset breathed its last
With mingled glories fading fast;
'Twas replaced by one bright star
Which shone like crystal from afar.

A LEGEND OF THE HILL COUNTRY
DURHAM CALDWELL, '43
CONCLUSION

"So!" snarled the armed doctor, an insane gleam appearing in his eyes. "You know me! No doubt you think me mad, as those fools back in New Orleans did. Well. I'll show the whole world that Forrest Girdeau isn't demented!

"And you two young men," he continued more calmly, "Will help me whether you like it or not! It makes no difference in this experiment whether the subjects, meaning you, are willing or unwilling.

"We will proceed at once!" he sharply concluded, stepping closer to the youths.

Just then one of those strange coincidences seemingly contrived by the Fates occurred. Crashings and rumblings were heard far above the subterranean laboratory.

"Landslide!" exclaimed Girdeau. "But we needn't worry. We're way under it here; nothing will happen this far down."

But the doctor was mistaken; something did happen. The landslide somewhere disrupted the source of power supplying electric current to the tunnel, and the well-lighted chamber was plunged into complete darkness.

Quickly grasping the situation Jim lunged forward and brought his heavy flashlight, which had already come in so handy in the dark tunnel, down upon the startled Girdeau's wrist, causing him to drop his revolver and cry out in pain. Then Jim turned on the beam and nearly

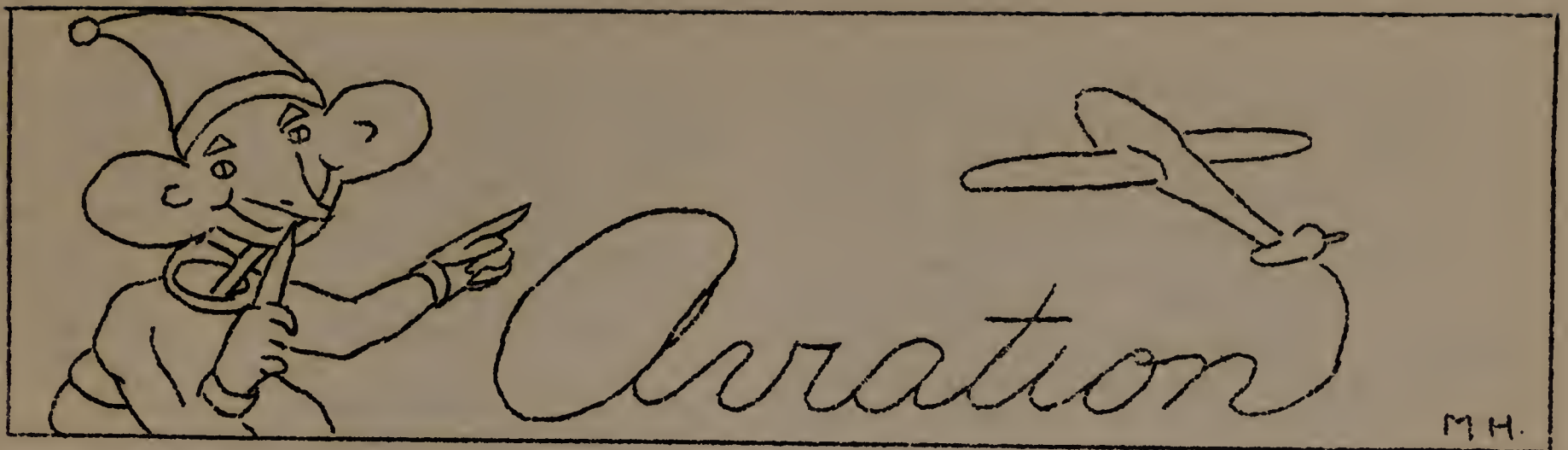
floored the tall doctor by striking him square in the forehead with the light.

As Girdeau tried desperately to ward off Jim's furious flashlight assault, Bob fumbled around on the floor for the fallen pistol. He found it just as Jim felled his opponent with a crushing blow on the side of the head. As Girdeau dizzily tried to rise, Bob, revolver poised, stepped into the gleam of the flash, and the short struggle was definitely over.

It was an easy matter to truss up the battered doctor and carry him from the chamber through a tunnel which lead directly into the cellar of Cline's Hotel.

Deciding they could place no faith in the local hillbilly constable, who would probably accuse them of hitting the bottle, the youths commandeered an ancient Model-A Ford and set out for the nearest town of any size, some forty miles distant.

As the first gray streaks of dawn appeared over the eastern mountains, Jim Broughton and Bob Oglesby marched a very timorous Dr. Girdeau up the steps of the local police station and thoroughly awakened the sleepy desk sergeant with the triumphant announcement that the so-called Mad Professor was before him---signed, sealed, and delivered.



THE DIRTIEST JOB IN NAVAL AVIATION
Harrison Wulbern

The poor, hardworking observation pilot has the dirtiest job in Naval Aviation. I speak, of course, about the battleship and cruiser pilots, for on carriers most of this work is done by scout bombers.

Many think that the observation pilot has a dull job. At times this is true, but the majority of the time there is something doing.

He has something in common with the carrier pilot; both have to be exact in their navigation, but while the carrier pilot's job is nearly finished when he has found the ship, the observation pilot must sometimes land in ten and twenty foot seas. After that, however, both he and the carrier pilot are assured of good bunks and excellent fresh foods, which are more than Marine and Army fliers often have.

The Douglas SBD-3, the standard Navy scout bomber, has twin

50-caliber guns mounted both fore and aft, and is quite maneuverable and fast, considering the size and weight. Contrasting to this, the Vought-Sikorsky OS2U-3 "Kingfisher", the standard Navy scout observation ship has twin 30-caliber guns mounted fore and one mounted aft. In addition to this, she is very slow and highly unmaneuverable because of her bulky pontoons. Still, her pilots have to fight off the fastest, most maneuverable, and most heavily armed fighters the enemy can muster.

At times they may be called on to do jobs they were never built for, such as dive bombing and strafing enemy ships. These planes were built to do observation work, not to go into actual combat.

Yes, the men who fly the Navy's observation planes have the dirtiest job in Naval Aviation but they still carry on.

QUIT YOUR GROUSING

Harrison Wulbern, '45

"What? Gunnery school? Of all the dirty tricks! Who stuck me off there? I want to fly." Thus raved John Olsen when he learned that he was going to gunnery school instead of pilot training school, as you no doubt have gathered. "If I weren't a gentleman, I'd ---"

"Take it easy Mac," (in the navy everyone is Mac) said the fellow next to him. "The aerial gunner's job is every bit as important as the pilot's. It's a lot tougher, too, so stop your grouching."

"Sure, sure, that's easy for you to say, 'cause you're gonna be a pilot," growled John.

Six months later, after he had grouched his way through gunnery school, we find John as the gunner of a Grumman TBF-1 Avenger over the Mediterranean, on a mission to destroy some troop ship going over to reinforce Rommel.

"Just a lousy gunner. If I'd known this was gonna happen, I'd have stayed on the Washington where I belong," wailed our hero.

"Aw, stop your grouching, John," pleaded the pilot. "I've heard so much in the past month that I'm getting sick of it. Besides, you're wearing out the inter-com."

"Yeah? Well, what'd you do if you were stuck back here?"

The pilot was about to reply in kind when he suddenly spotted the wakes of three small German transports off to his right. "Transports at two o'clock. All units attack. Follow plan D."

John's section went in on the far side of the ships, and were just about to make their run when the Focke-Wulf 190's hit them. The 'Woof-Woof's came in in

strings of five, one after another, from every side. "My gosh! What do I do now? What did that instructor say?"

Suddenly the ship on his left began to trail smoke and lose altitude. "Smitty!" "Smitty!" shrieked John. I might remark here that Smitty was Bob Smith, John's best and only friend.

"Smitty! What have I done! If I knew my gunnery, I coulda saved him! It's all my fault! Smitty! Smitty!" He stopped his talking and let his guns do the rest. He had a Focke-Wulf in his sights; he let his guns rattle, and one of Shickelgrubers birdmen was no more.

"You bums! You lousy bums!" He found another Nazi in his cross-hairs, and a few seconds later he went wherever good little Germans go when they die. He raked another one as it passed, and it scattered all over the sky. By this time the pilot had released the torpedo and pulled out of the fray. All the way back to the ship John was practically weeping on the navigators shoulder.

"It's all my fault, I killed him. I should'a been a better gunner," he wailed.

"Take it easy, Mac. It could happen to any one. Maybe it was the pilot's fault," comforted the navigator.

"No, no, it was all my fault! He'd be alive if it weren't for me."

After they had landed back on the carrier, John headed for Ship Service to drown his sorrows in a malted milk when who should he see coming out of the airplot but Smitty. "Smitty! How did you get back? I thought they got

(Continued on page 13)

THE NEW YORKER

Published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays.

Subscription prices: Five dollars per annum in advance. Single copies, fifteen cents. Payment in advance. All communications should be addressed to The New Yorker, 250 West 47th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

Advertising rates: For a full page, \$100.00 per week. For a half page, \$50.00 per week. For a quarter page, \$25.00 per week. For a full column, \$10.00 per week. For a half column, \$5.00 per week. For a quarter column, \$2.50 per week. For a full page, \$100.00 per week. For a half page, \$50.00 per week. For a quarter page, \$25.00 per week. For a full column, \$10.00 per week. For a half column, \$5.00 per week. For a quarter column, \$2.50 per week.

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DIAMOND DOPE

Well, baseball fans, the erst-while lowly Boston Braves at last seem to have displaced the gold-plated Red Sox as New England's favorite ball club...Hustling newcomers like Chuck Workman, Johnny McCarthy, Whitey Wietelmann, Eddie Joost, Red Barrett, Nate Andrews, Connie Ryan, and Joe Burns have given the Stengels long-needed punch and color... Max West, Eddie Miller, Ernie Lombardi, Nanny Fernandez, Sibby Sisti, and others have scarcely been missed...The once-mighty Sox, to the contrary, have found little solace for the loss of Ted Williams, Johnny Pesky, Dom DiMaggio, and Lou Finney; and the Croninmen seem due for a long stay in the depths of the second division...On the other hand, Ossie Bluege's Washington Senators, tabbed for a low position in the standings, as usual, have proved to be the surprise package of the American League...The Nats, in Bob Johnson, Stan Spence, and George Case, have one of the best outfielders in either circuit...While harping on the subject of surprises such as the Senators and Braves, we mustn't overlook possibly the greatest surprise of all---the revamped Philadelphia Phillies...With Jim Wasdell at first, ex-first sacker Babe Dahlgren at short, and Danny Litwhiler, Ron Northey, and Earl Naylor in the garden, the Phils have a new lease on life...

(Continued on page 13)



SOPHS TAKE VOLLEYBALL CROWN

Ellie Eldridge's Sophomore sextet wound up the intramural volleyball season April 29 by trimming the Seniors in a playoff match, 3 games to 2.

The first contest was the Sophs' all the way, ending with a 15 to 8 score.

The second, however, was a different story. After a close battle the Seniors came out on top, 15 to 13.

The upperclassmen also won the third game, this time by a 15-11 margin.

In the fourth contest the Seniors had a six-point lead and were but one point shy of total victory when the lowerclassmen, led by Ellie Eldridge and Cam Lawrence, suddenly caught fire and surged through to a 16-14 triumph.

After that the Seniors might just as well have left the floor, the Sophs breezing through to hand them a stinging 15-1 setback in the final and deciding game.



L. H. S. AND THE WAR
Esther Tsiknas, '45

Helping the war-effort has been the keynote at L. H. S. this year. This has been done in many various ways.

To begin with, service men were admitted free of charge to all L.H.S. football games last fall.

On October 17, 1942, the scrap drive proved to be a very profitable as well as patriotic venture by the school. 487,975 pounds of scrap was collected and the school was presented a check for \$100 by the Cape Cod Standard-Times for collecting the most scrap on the Cape.

Many girls offered their services when requested to sew chevrons and insignia on soldiers' uniforms and braid on soldiers' caps.

The Victory Corps was organized in order to directly prepare students for aiding in the war-effort.

With the Victory Corps came military drill for boys who wished to be better prepared for the armed forces.

Aeronautical mathematics, radio, mechanics and electricity courses were introduced here. Students took special courses to prepare for Annapolis and West Point entrance examinations.

The physical fitness program

has also proved to be very beneficial to most of the boys. Says Coach "Gov" Fuller: "It is developing skill, endurance, muscular strength, and more confidence in the minds of the boys as to their own abilities."

Many members of the L.H.S. student body, faculty, and personnel have left to join the armed forces and many more will leave in the near future.

The Girls' Auxiliary Fire Corps was organized with the intent to teach girls to fight fires, operate radios and switchboards, and perform first aid. Under the able captaincy of Beverly Stewart they have done much to reach their goal.

In one week over \$1200 worth of war bonds and stamps were sold in the school. During the second war loan drive, many girls spent afternoons in the Post Office and J. J. Newberry's selling stamps and bonds.

This is a partial summary of the war activities of Lawrence High School. As Mr. Marshall says:

"This high school has made every effort to do all that it possibly could, and it has done a remarkably fine job to help with this war-effort."



THE HISTORY OF THE
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SPRING DANCE

To wind up a successful social year, the Juniors were hosts to L. H. S. students, alumni, and faculty at their recent Spring Dance. Red, white, and blue streamers were centered on a black velvet curtain on which a large American flag, made of crepe paper and silver stars, was displayed. Tables with gay-colored flowers added a more informal note to the party.

Music for games and dancing was furnished by the high school orchestra and popular records.

A surprise attraction of the evening was the very smooth playing of Count Basie's masterpieces by Elmer Ross. They were "Basie Boogie" and "Jive at Five."

The dance was under the direction of the Junior Social Committee of which Joan Spillane was the Chairman. Chaperones were Col. and Mrs. William P. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Baker, and Miss Kathleen Arenovski.

SOPHS TYPE LAST HIGH-LITES

The typing of this last issue of the High-Lites was taken over by several members of Miss Sideri's beginning class--Lilly Erskine; Bibiane DeManche, Jane Hubbard, Ernestine Illgen, Anne Lawrence, Loretta Murray, Ruth Weeks, Margaret Neal, Robert Palmer, and Victoria Simons.

Girls who keep on slapping faces
Don't see sights and don't
go places.

KEEP'EM FLYIN'! BUY BONDS!

LAWRENCE HIGH-LITES

VOL. II No. 4

Falmouth, Mass.

Monday, June 7, 1943

Published erroneously by the
students of Lawrence High
School.

Price ten cents.

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TELEPHONE ASSEMBLY

The New England Telephone and Telegraph Company presented a very interesting and entertaining assembly on May 7 in the Hall School auditorium.

Guest speakers included J. P. O'Reilly, Traffic Manager; H. L. Crooks, Falmouth Manager; Capt. W. W. Smith, Signal Corps, U. S. Army; T. M. Hennessey, Division Traffic Superintendent; Mrs. Bessie Gilman, Chief Operator; and Miss Marion E. Lord, local operator.

After the program of speakers, a very educational, yet amusing, moving picture, entitled "Voices of Victory", was shown. This picture told of a group of girls who wanted jobs that would be worthwhile and patriotic. After a pep talk by an elderly lady who was a telephone operator they decided to become telephone operators.

Throughout the assembly many stirring tales of the courage and importance of telephone operators were told.

Girls from Lawrence High who have entered the Falmouth Exchange are Betty Sample, Janet Thayer, Grace Kennerson, Margaret Cassidy, Jean Barrows, Kathleen McAdams, and Patricia Holden.

SENIORS GRADUATE MAY 18 (Continued from first page)

anecdotes. The commencement awards were presented by Principal Russell B. Marshall, and Superintendent of Schools Paul Dillingham awarded the diplomas.

An interesting highlight in this ceremony was the acceptance of the diplomas of those boys in the service who were unable to attend by Seamen Richard Sample and Alvan Nickerson, U. S. Navy. Edward Wixon, also of the Navy, was the only other serviceman.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM (Continued from first page)

followed by two roundly-applauded piano solos by Joan Trudeau. Jean Barrows was next on the program, reading the humorous class will.

Third soloist was Luana Wirick, who sang the beautiful "Ave Maria", accompanied by Joan Trudeau at the piano. The laugh-provoking class gifts were then presented to each graduate by John Powers and Virginia Studley.

After this Margaret Cassidy, Luana Wirick, and Joan Trudeau brought the house down with their rendition of "For Me and My Gal".

The class gift, a fifty-dollar war bond, was presented to the school by Luana Wirick and accepted by Vincent Duffany as president of the junior class. He and Elwood Eldridge, sophomore president, then gave joke presents to the seniors--a handsomely-decorated "Oscar", a corn-cob pipe, and a huge foot-long cigar. The farewell speech was proffered by Beverly Berg, after which the seniors, followed by the lower classmen, marched to the schoolyard where the annual tree-planting ceremonies were held, ending with the singing of the "Hymn of Loyalty".

presented on the stage.

The class ode, by Virginia Studley, was sung and the class farewell was given by John Tsiknas. Rev. R. H. Long rendered the benediction.

In closing, the audience and class sang "The Star-Spangled Banner", a very fitting climax for the graduation of a class which has such a great opportunity to serve its country.

QUIT YOUR GROUSING (continued from page 8)

you!"

"Got me? No -- they couldn't get me. We just had a bit of engine trouble. The cooling system went on the blink, and the motor started smoking, so what else could I do but head back for the ship? Say, what's this? You're cryin'!"

A few weeks later John was in Ship Service with Smitty wearing a brand new silver star on his chest when one of the new replacements started to grouse. "A lousy gunner's job they give me. I wanted to be a pilot. Of all the dirty tricks..!"

"A lousy job!" yelled John. "A lousy job! You young jerk; the gunner's got the best and most important job in the ship. Why I -----."

DIAMOND DOPE (continued from page 9)

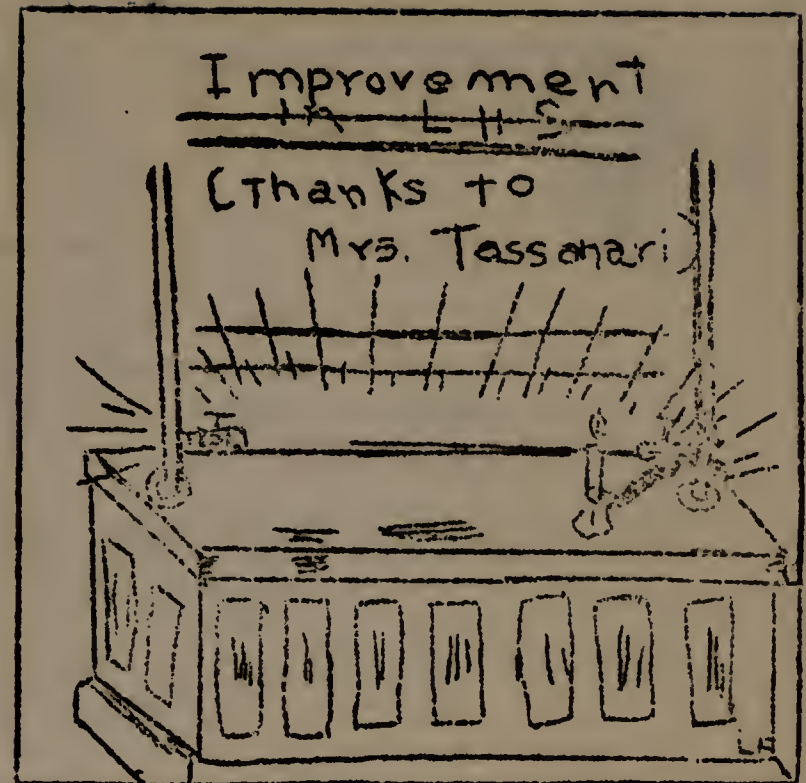
Under the able direction of their new owner, Bill Cox, and their new manager, Bucky Harris, they seem to be going places for the first time in many a long year--that is, if the makeshift mound corps holds together...

We'd like to see the look on the face of the High-Lites forecaster who, in the April 8 issue, picked the Phils for sixth and the Braves for last in the National League, while choosing the Red Sox for third and the Nats for seventh in the junior loop... Oh, well, it could have happened to an exploit!

ADVICE FOR ALL

Keep your clouds out of other people's sky.

I cannot do everything, but I can do something. I will not let what I cannot do interfere with what I can.



SANDWICHES (continued from page 3)

slices of bread is quite a feat--heh, heh--but try to tell the Government--heh, heh. The hard butter tears the bread up nicely, but you manage to plaster it together with gooey peanut-butter, which acts like mortar. Topping the peanut butter with brown sugar, and the brown sugar with raisins, you declare the mess a sandwich.

This time you don't dare to cut it; you just throw it on a plate. Then you put the material away and sit down to the table. The tomato and lettuce sandwich is all right, except for lack of mayonnaise, but then, soaking it a little in water helped. Now comes the peanut-butter sandwich. You vaguely feel the bread break, but before you can duck, a load of raisins and brown sugar lands half on you, half on the floor. After struggling through the remaining concoction, which you somehow manage between oaths, you clean up the mess on the floor, curse the kitchen, and storm out, vowing never again to attempt such a feat as making a sandwich.



Dear Readers:

Do you moan and groan when reading this column? If so, why do you read it? Better still, why don't you give us some news? We aren't magicians and can't be everywhere at once. Why not give us some facts?

Your hopeful author.

Hot from the dying embers of activities is news of the alumni--namely the great class of '43. Their graduation being boosted ahead a month caused many activities to be cut. It held a sad note for the Seniors due to the fact that twenty of their classmates were serving in the armed forces and could not attend the exercises. However seamen Alvan Nickerson, Richard Sample, and Edward Wixon arrived and accepted the diplomas of their fellow servicemen.

Dumb Dora never knew how the football players stayed clean, until they told her about the scrub team.

WELL-KNOWN FACTS

Now when a young man is in love, he thinks nothing is too good for her--except himself.

One good turn gets most of the blankets.

Slimming is triumph of mind over platter.

Joan "Arthur Murray" Trudeau blond bombshell of the senior class, is expecting a large majority of the school to participate in her dancing class. The "Boomsadaisy" will be a special feature, because everyone is anxious to do it correctly. Aren't they, John Tsiknas?

Have you heard the news of the club formed by leading girls of L.H.S. and alumni? We wonder if there is any similarity between their motto and the one of the Northwest Mounted? Oh, Spring! (We wish we had our man!) That's our line; what's yours?

This *G@E!@?@ Cape Cod Weather

